THE

Old, Old, very Old Man:

OR, THE

AGE and long LIFE

OF

Thomas Parr,

The Son of

JOHN PARR of *Winnington*,

IN THE

Parish of *Alberbury*, in the County of *Salop*, or *Shropshire*, who was Born in the Reign of King *Edward* IV. being aged 152 Years and odd Months.

HIS

Manner of Life and Conversation in so long a Pilgrimage; his Marriages, and his bringing up to *London*, about the end of *September* last. 1635.

Whereunto is added,

A Postscript, shewing the many remarkable Accidents that happen'd in the Life of this *Old Man*.

Written by *JOHN TAYLOR*.

LONDON.

Printed and are to be Sold by *John Nutt*, near Stationers-Hall. MDCCIII.

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TO THE

High and Mighty Prince

CHARLES,

By the Grace of God

King of Great *Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.*

OF Subjects (my dread Liege) 'tis manifeſt,
You have the old ſt the greateſt, & the leaſt:
That for an Old, a Great, and Little Man,
No Kingdom (ſure) compare with Britain *can;*
One for his extraordinary Stature,
Guards well your Gates, and by inſtinct of Nature
(As he is ſtrong) is Loyal, True, and Juſt,
Fit, and moſt able, for his Charge and Truſt.
The other's ſmall and well compoſed feature
Deſerves the Title of a Pretty Creature:
And doth (or may) retain as good a Mind
As greater Men, and be as well inclin'd:

The EPISTLE.

He may be great in Spir't, though small in Sight,
Whilst all his best of Service, is Delight.
The Old'st, your Subject is; but for my use,
I make him here the Subject of my Muse:
And as his Aged Person gain'd the Grace,
That where his Sovereign was, to be in place,
And kiss your Royal Hand; I humbly crave,
His Life's Description may Acceptance have.
And as your Majesty hath oft before
Look'd on my Poems, pray read this one more.

Your Majesties most humble

Subject and Servant,

John Taylor.

THE

The occasion of this old Man's being brought out of Shropshire *to* London.

As it is impossible for the Sun to be without Light, or Fire to have no Heat; so is it undeniable that true Honour is as inseparably addicted to Vertue, as the Steel to the Loadstone; and without great violence, neither the one or the other can be sundred: Which manifestly appears in the conveying out of the Country, of this poor ancient Man; Monument I may say, and almost Miracle of Nature.

For the Right Honourable, *Thomas* Earl of *Arundel* and *Surry*, Earl Marshal of *England*, &c. being lately in *Shropshire*, to visit some Lands and Manours which his Lordship holds in that County, or for some other occasions of importance, which caused his Lordship to be there. The report of this aged Man was certified to his Honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of Antiquity, his Lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innated Noble and Christian Piety, he took him into his charitable Tuition and Protection; commanding that a Litter and two Horses (for the more easie carriage of a Man so enfeebled and worn with Age) to be provided for him; also that a Daughter-in-law of his (named *Lucy*) should likewise attend him, and have a Horse for her own riding with him; and (to cheer up the old Man, and make him Merry) there was an Antique fac'd-fellow, called *Jack*, or *John the Fool*, with a high and mighty no Beard, that had also a Horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the Country, to *London*, by easie Journies; the Charges being allowed by his Lordship, and likewise one of his Honours own Servants, named *Brian Kelley*, to ride on Horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of Reckonings and Expences; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

Wimington is a Hamlet in the Parish of *Alberbury*, near a place called the *Welsh-Pool*, eight Miles from *Shrewsbury*, from whence he was carried to *Wim*, a Town of the Earls aforesaid, and the next Day to *Shefnal* (a Manour-House of his Lordships) where they likewise stay'd one Night; from *Shefnal* they came to *Woolverhampton*, and the next Day to *Brimicham*, from thence

thence to *Coventry*; and although Master *Kelley* had much to do to keep the People off that preſſed upon him in all places where he came, yet at *Coventry* he was moſt oppreſt; for they came in ſuch multitudes to ſee the old Man, that thoſe that defended him, were almoſt quite tired and ſpent, and the aged Man in danger to have been ſtifled; and in a Word, the Rabble were ſo unruly, that *Bryan* was in doubt he ſhould bring his Charge no further; (ſo greedy are the Vulgar to hearken to, or gaze after Novelties.) The trouble being over, the next Day they paſt to *Daventry*, to *Stony-Stratford*, to *Redburn*, and ſo to *London*, where he is well entertain'd and accommodated with all things, having all the aforeſaid Attendants, at the ſole Charge and Coſt of his Lordſhip.

One Remarkable Paſſage of the Old Man's Policy muſt not be omitted or forgotten, which is thus.

His three Leaſes of 63 Years being expired, he took his laſt Leaſe of his Landlord (one Mr. *John Porter*) for his Life, with which Leaſe he hath lived more than 50 Years (as is farther hereafter declared;) but this old Man would (for his Wives ſake) renew his Leaſe for Years, which his Landlord would not conſent unto; wherefore old *Parr* (having been long blind) ſitting in his Chair by the Fire, his Wife look'd out of the Window, and perceived Mr. *Edward Porter*, the Son of his Landlord, to come towards their Houſe, which ſhe told her Husband, ſaying, *Husband, our young Landlord is coming hither. Is he ſo*, ſaid old *Parr*, *I pretbee Wife lay a Pin on the Ground, near my Foot, or at my right Toe*, which ſhe did; and when young Mr. *Porter* (yet forty Years old) was come into the Houſe, after Salutations between them, the old Man ſaid, *Wife, is not that a Pin which lies at my Foot? Truly Husband*, quoth ſhe, *It is a Pin indeed*, ſo ſhe took up the Pin, and Mr. *Porter* was half in amaze that the old Man had recovered his ſight again; but it was quickly found to be a witty Conceit, thereby to have them to ſuppoſe him to be more lively than he was, becauſe he hop'd to have his Leaſe renew'd for his Wives ſake as aforeſaid.

He hath had two Children by his firſt Wife, a Son and a Daughter, the Boys name was *John*, and lived but ten Weeks; the Girl was named *Joan*, and ſhe lived but three Weeks. So that it appears he hath out lived the moſt part of the People that are living near there 3 times over.

The

THE VERY OLD MAN: OR, THE Life of *THOMAS PARR.*

AN old Man's twice a Child, the Proverb ſays,
And many old Men ne'er ſaw half his Days
Of whom I write; for he at firſt had Life,
When *York* and *Lancaſter's* Domeſtick ſtrife
In her own Blood had factious *England* drench'd,
Until ſweet Peace thoſe Civil Flames had quench'd.
When as Fourth *Edward's* Reign to end drew nigh,
John Parr (a Man that liv'd by Husbandry)
Begot this *Thomas Parr*, and born was He
The Year of fourteen hundred eighty three.
And as his Father's Living and his Trade,
Was Plough and Cart, Sythe, Sickle, Bill and Spade;
The Harrow, Mattock, Flail, Rake, Fork and Goad,
And Whip, and how to Load, and to unload;
Old *Tom* hath ſhew'd himſelf the Son of *John*,
And from his Father's Function hath not gone.
Yet I have read of as mean Pedigrees,
That have attained to noble Dignities:
Agathocles, a Potter's Son, and yet
The Kingdom of *Sicilia* he did get.
Great *Tamberlain*, a *Scythian* Shepherd was,
Yet (in his time) all Princes did ſurpaſs.
Firſt *Ptolomy* (the King of *Egypt's* Land)
A poor Man's Son of *Alexander's* Band.
Diocleſian Emperor, was a Scrivener's Son,
And *Probe* from a Gard'ner th'Empire won.

Pertinax was a Bond-man's Son, and wan
The Empire: so did *Valentinian*,
Who was the Off-spring of a Rope-maker,
And *Maximinus* of a Mule-driver.
And if I on the Truth do rightly glance,
Hugh Capet was a Butcher, King of *France*.
By this I have digreſt, I have expreſt
Promotion comes not from the Eaſt or Weſt.
So much for that, now to my Theme again;
This *Thomas Parr* hath liv'd th'expired Reign
Of Ten great Kings and Queens, the Eleventh now ſways
The Scepter, (bleſt by th'ancient of all Days)
He hath ſurviv'd the *Edwards*, Fourth and Fifth;
And the Third *Richard*, who made many a ſhift
To place the Crown on his ambitious Head;
The Seventh and Eighth brave *Henries* both are dead,
Sixth *Edward*, *Mary*, *Philip*, *Elſabeth*,
And bleſt remembred *James*, all theſe by Death
Have changed Life, and almoſt ſeven Years ſince
The happy Reign of *Charles* our gracious Prince,
Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by Record appears,
Nine Months, one hundred fifty and two Years.
Amongſt the Learn'd, 'tis held in general,
That every ſeventh Year's Climaterical,
And dang'rous to Man's Life, and that they be
Moſt perilous at th'Age of ſixty three,
Which is nine Climactericals; but this Man
Of whom I write, (ſince firſt his Life began)
Hath liv'd of Climactericals ſuch plenty,
That he hath almoſt out-liv'd two and twenty.
For by Records, and true Certificate,
From *Shropſhire* late, Relations doth relate,
That he liv'd ſeventeen Years with *John* his Father,
And eighteen with a Maſter, which I gather
To be full Thirty five; his Sires deceaſe
Left him four Years poſſeſſion of a Leaſe;
Which paſt, *Lewis Porter*, Gentleman, did then
For twenty one Years grant his Leaſe agen:

That Leaſe expir'd, the Son of *Lewis* called *John*,
Let him the like Leaſe, and that time being gone,
Then *Hugh*, the Son of *John* (laſt nam'd before)
For one and twenty Years ſold one Leaſe more.
And laſtly, he hath held from *John*, *Hugh*'s Son,
A Leaſe for's Life, theſe fifty Years out-run:
And till old *Thomas Parr* to Earth again
Return, the laſt Leaſe muſt his own remain.
Thus having ſhew'd th'extention of his Age,
I'll ſhew ſome Actions of his Pilgrimage.

A tedious time a Batchelour he tarried,
Full Eighty Years of Age before he married:
His Continence to queſtion I'll not call,
Man's Frailtie's weak, and oft doth ſlip and fall.
No doubt but he in fourſcore Years might find
In *Salop's* County, Females fair and kind:
But what have I to do with that; let paſs,
At th'Age aforeſaid he firſt married was
To *Jane*, *John Taylor's* Daughter; and 'tis ſaid,
That ſhe (before he had her) was a Maid.
With her he liv'd years three times ten and two;
And then ſhe dy'd (as all good Wives will do.)
She dead, he ten Years did a Widower ſtay;
Then once more ventur'd in the Wedlock way:
And in Affection to his firſt Wife *Jane*,
He took another of that name again;
(With whom he now doth live) ſhe was a Widow
To one nam'd *Anthony* (and ſurnam'd *Adda*)
She was (as by report it doth appear)
Of *Gillſeis* Pariſh, in *Montgomery-ſhire*,
The Daughter of *John Lloyde* (corruptly *Flood*)
Of ancient Houſe, and gentle *Cambrian* Blood.

But hold, I had forgot, in's firſt Wives time
He fraily, fouly, fell into a Crime,
Which Richer, Poorer, older Men and Younger,
More Baſe, more Noble, weaker Men and Stronger
Have faln into.
The *Cytherean*, or the *Paphean* Game,
That thundring *Jupiter* did oft inflame;

Moſt cruel cut-throat *Mars* laid by his Arms,
And was a Slave to Love' inchanting Charms,
And many a Pagan God, and Semi-god,
The common road of luſtful Love hath trod:
For from the Emp'rour to the ruſſet Clown,
All States, each Sex, from Cottage to the Crown,
Have in all Ages ſince the firſt Creation,
Been foil'd, and overthrown with Love's Temqtation:
So was old *Thomas*, for he chanc'd to ſpy
A Beauty, and Love entred at his Eye,
Whoſe pow'rful Motion drew on ſweet Conſent,
Conſent drew Action, Action drew Content;
But when the Period of thoſe Joys were paſt,
Thoſe ſweet Delights were ſourly ſauc'd at laſt.
The Fleſh retains what in the Bone is bred,
And one Colt's Tooth was then in old *Tom's* Head,
It may be he was guld as ſome have been,
And ſuffered Puniſhment for others Sin;
For Pleaſure, like a Trap, a Gin or Snare,
Or like a painted Harlot ſeems moſt fair;
But when ſhe goes away, and takes her leave,
No ugly Beaſt ſo foul a ſhape can have.
Fair *Catherine Milton* was this Beauty bright,
(Fair like an Angel, but in weight too light)
Whoſe fervent Feature did inflame ſo far
The ardent Fervour of old *Thomas Parr*,
That for Laws ſatisfaction 'twas thought meet,
He ſhould be purg'd by ſtanding in a Sheet;
Which aged (He) one hundred and five Year,
In *Alberbury*'s Pariſh Church did wear.
Should all that ſo offend ſuch Penance do,
Oh! what a price would Linnen riſe unto;
All would be turn'd to Sheets, our Shirts and Smocks,
Our Table-linnen, very Porter's Frocks,
Would hardly ſcape transforming, but all's one,
He ſuffer'd, and his Puniſhment is done.
But to proceed more ſerious in Relation,
He is a Wonder worthy Admiration,

He's (in theſe times fill'd with Iniquity)
No *Antiquary* but *Antiquity*;
For his Longevity's of ſuch extent,
That he's a living mortal Monument.
And as high Towers, (that ſeem the Sky to ſhoulder)
By eating Time conſume away and moulder,
Until at laſt in piece-meal they do fall,
Till they are buried in their Ruins all:
So this old Man, his Limbs their ſtrength have left,
His Teeth all gone but one, his Sight bereft,
His Sinews ſhrunk, his Blood moſt Chill and Cold,
Small Solace, Imperfections manifold:
Yet ſtill his Sp'rits poſſeſs his mortal Trunk;
Nor are his Senſes in his Ruins ſhrunk,
But that his Hearing's quick, his Stomack good,
He'll feed well, ſleep well, well diſgeſt his Food.
He will ſpeak heartily, laugh and be merry,
Drink Ale, and now and then a Cup of Sherry;
Loves Company and underſtanding Talk,
And on both ſides held up will ſometimes Walk.
And tho' old Age his Face with wrinkles fill,
He hath been handſome, and is comly ſtill,
Well fac'd; and tho' his Beard not oft corrected,
Yet neat it grows, not like a Beard neglected;
From Head to Heel his Body hath all over,
A Quick-ſet, Thick-ſet, nat'ral hairy Cover.
And thus (as my dull weak Invention can)
I have Annatomiz'd this poor old Man.
Though Age be incident to moſt Tranſgreſſing,
Yet Time well ſpent makes Age to be a Bleſſing.
And if our ſtudies would but daign to look,
And ſeriouſly to ponder Nature' Book,
We there may read, that Man the nobleſt Creatue,
By Roit and Exceſs doth murder Nature.
This Man ne'er fed on dear compounded Diſhes
Of Metamorphos'd Beaſts, Fruits, Fowls and Fiſhes,
The Earth and Air, the boundleſs Ocean,
Were never rak'd nor forag'd for this Man;

Nor

Nor ever did Physician to his cost,
Send purging Physick through his Guts in Post:
In all his Life time he was never known,
That drinking others Healths he lost his own;
The *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Greek* and *Spanish* Grape,
Upon his Reason never made a Rape;
For *Riot* is for *Troy* an Anagram,
And *Riot* wasted *Troy* with Sword and Flame;
And surely that which will a Kingdom spill,
Hath much more power on silly Man to kill;
Whilst Sensuality the Pallat pleases,
The Bodies fill'd with Surfeits and Diseases;
By Riot, more than War, Men slaughtred be,
From which confusion this old Man is free.
He once was catch'd in the venereal Sin,
And being punished did Experience win,
That careful Fear his Conscience so did strike,
He never would again attempt the like.
Which to our understandings may express,
Mens Days are shortned through Lasciviousness,
And that a competent contenting Diet
Makes Men live long and soundly sleep in quiet.
Mistake me not, I speak not to debar
Good Fare of all sorts, for all Creatures are
Made for Man's use, and may by Man be us'd,
Not by voracious Gluttony abus'd.
For he that dares to scandal or deprave
Good Housekeeping; oh hang up such a Knave:
Rather commend what is not to be found,
Than injure that which makes the World renown'd.
Bounty hath got a spice of *Lethargie*,
And liberal noble *Hospitality*
Lies in Consumption, almost pin'd to Death,
And *Charity* benum'd near out of Breath.
May *England's* few good Housekeepers be blest
With endless Glory and eternal Rest;
And may their Goods, Lands, and their happy Seed,
With Heav'ns best Blessings multiply and breed,

'Tis

'Tis madneſs to build high with Stone and Lime,
Great Houſes that may ſeem the Clouds to clime,
With ſpacious Halls, large Galleries, brave Rooms
Fit to receive a King, Peers, Squires and Grooms;
Amongſt which Rooms the Devil hath put a Witch in,
And made a ſmall *Tobacco-box* the Kitchin;
For *Covetouſneſs* the Mint of Miſchief is,
And *Chriſtian Bounty* the High-way to Bliſs.
To wear a Farm in Shoe-ſtrings edg'd with Gold,
And ſpangled Garters worth a Copy-Hold;
A Hoſe and Doublet, which a Lordſhip coſt,
A gaudy Cloak three Manours price almoſt;
A Beaver, Band and Feather for the Head,
Priz'd at the Churches Tythe, the poor Man's Bread,
For which the wearers are fear'd, and abhor'd,
Like *Jeroboam's* golden Calves ador'd.
This double, treble aged Man, I wot,
Knows and remembers when theſe things were not;
Good wholeſome Labour was his Exerciſe,
Down with the Lamb, and with the Lark would riſe;
In Mire and toiling Sweat he ſpent the Day,
And to his Team he whiſtled Time away:
The *Cock* his Night-*Clock*, and till Day was done,
His Watch and chief *Sun-Dial* was the *Sun*.
He was of old *Pythagoras* Opinion,
That green Cheeſe was moſt wholeſom with an Onion,
Cloſe Meſclin Bread, and for his daily ſwig,
Milk, Butter-Milk and Water, Whay and Whig;
Sometimes Metheglin, and by fortune happy,
He ſometimes ſip'd a Cup of Ale moſt nappy;
Cyder or Perry, when he did repair
T'a *Whitſon* Ale, Wake, Wedding or a Fair,
Or when in *Chriſtmas* time he was a Gueſt
At his good Land-lord's Houſe amongſt the reſt;
Elſe he had little leaſure Time to waſte,
Or at the Alehouſe huff-cap Ale to taſte.
Nor did he ever hunt a Tavern Fox,
Ne'er knew a Coach, Tobacco or the Pox;

His Physick was good Butter, which the Soil
Of *Salop* yields, more sweet than *Candy* Oil,
And Garlick he esteem'd above the rate
Of *Venice-Treacle* or best *Mithridate.*
He entertain'd no *Gout*, no *Ach* he felt,
The Air was good and temp'rat where he dwelt,
Whilst *Mavisses* and sweet tongu'd *Nightingales*
Did chant him Roundelaies and Madrigals.
Thus living within bounds of Nature's Laws,
Of his long lasting Life may be some cause.
For though th'Almighty all Mens Days doth measure,
And doth dispose of Life and Death at Pleasure,
Yet Nature being wrong'd, Man's Days and Date
May be abridg'd, and God may tollerate.

But had the Father of this *Thomas Parr*,
His Grand-father, and his great Grand-father,
Had their Lives Thread so long a length been spun,
They by Succession might from Sire to Son
Have been unwritten Chronicles, and by
Tradition shew Times mutability.
Then *Parr* might say he heard his Father well,
Say that his Grandsire heard his Father tell
The Death of famous *Edward* the Confessor,
(Harrold) and *William* Conq'rour his Successor;
How his Son *Robert* wan *Jerusalem*,
O'er came the *Saracens* and Conquer'd them:
How *Rufus* reign'd, and his Brother *Henry* next,
And how usurping *Stephen* this Kingdom vext:
How *Maud* the Empress (the first *Henries* Daughter)
To gain her Right fill'd *England* full of slaughter:
Of second *Henry's Rosamond* the fair,
Of *Richard Cuer-de-lyon* his brave Heir,
King *John*, and of the foul Sulpition
Of *Arthur's* Death, *John's* elder Brothers Son.
Of the third *Henry's* long Reign sixty Years,
The Barons Wars, the toils of wrangling Peers,
How *Long-shanks* did the *Scots* and *French* convince,
Tam'd *Wales*, and made his Naples Son their Prince.

How

How Second *Edward* was *Carnarvon* call'd,
Beaten by *Scots*, and by his Queen enthrall'd.
How the Third *Edward*, Fifty Years did reign,
And th'honour'd Garters Order did ordain.
Next how the Second *Richard* liv'd and dy'd,
And how Fourth *Henries* Faction did divide
The Realm with Civil (moſt uncivil) War
'Twixt long contending *York* and *Lancaſter*.
How the Fifth *Henry* ſwaid, and how his Son,
Sixth *Henry* a ſad Pilgrimage did run,
Then of Fourth *Edward* and fair Miſtreſs *Shore*,
King *Edward*'s Concubine, Lord *Haſtings*——.
Then how Fifth *Edward* murther'd with a trick
Of the Third *Richard*, and then how that *Dick*
Was by Seventh *Henries* ſlain at *Boſworth* Field;
How he and's Son th'Eigth *Henry* here did wield
The Scepter; how ſixth *Edward* ſwaid,
How *Mary* Rul'd, and how that royal Maid
Elizabeth did Govern, (beſt of Dames)
And *Phenix*-like expir'd, and how juſt *James*
(Another Phenix) from her Aſhes claims
The right of *Britain*'s Scepter as his own
But changing for a better left the Crown,
Where now 'tis with King *Charles*, and may it be
With him, and his moſt bleſt Poſterity,
Till Time ſhall end; be they on Earth renown'd,
And after with Eternity be crown'd.
Thus had *Parr* had good Breeding (without reading)
He from his Sire, and Grandſires Sire proceeding,
By Word of Mouth might tell moſt famous things
Done in the Reigns of all thoſe Queens and Kings.
But he in Husbandry hath been brought up,
And ne'er did taſte the *Helliconian* Cup,
He ne'er knew Hiſtory, nor in Mind did keep
Ought but the price of Corn, Hay, Kine or Sheep.
Day found him Work, and Night allow'd him reſt;
Nor did Affairs of State his Brain moleſt.

His high'ſt Ambition was, a Tree to lop,
Or at the furtheſt to a May-poles top,
His Recreation, and his Mirths diſcourſe
Hath been the *Piper*, and the *Hobby-horſe*.
And in this ſimple ſort, he hath with pain,
From Childhood liv'd to be a Child again.
'Tis ſtrange, a man that is in years ſo grown
Should not be rich, but to the world 'tis known,
That he that's born in any Land, or Nation,
Under a Twelve-pence Planet's Domination,
(By working of that Planet's influence)
Shall never live to be worth thirteen Pence.
Whereby (altho' his Learning cannot ſhew it)
He's rich enough to be, like me, a Poet.
But e'er I do conclude, I will relate
Of reverend Age's Honourable State;
Where ſhall a young Man good Inſtructions have,
But from the Ancient, from Experience grave?
Roboam (Son and Heir to *Solomon*)
Rejecting ancient Counſel, was undone
Almoſt; for ten of the twelve Tribes fell
To *Jeroboam* King of *Iſrael*.
And all wiſe Princes, and great Potentates
Select and chuſe old Men, as Magiſtrates,
Whoſe Wiſdom and whoſe reverend Aſpect,
Knows how, and when to puniſh or protect.
The Patriarchs long Lives before the Flood,
Were given them (as 'tis rightly underſtood)
To ſtore and multiply by Procreations,
That People ſhould inhabit and breed Nations.
That th'Ancients their Poſterities might ſhow
The ſecrets deep of Nature how to know
To ſcale the Sky with learn'd *Aſtronomy*,
And ſound the *Oceans* deep profundity;
But chiefly how to ſerve and to obey
God, who made them out of Slime and Clay;
Should Men live now as long as they did then,
The Earth could not ſuſtain the breed of Man.

Each

Each Man had many Wives, which Bigamy,
Was such increase to their Posterity,
That one old Man might see before he dy'd,
That his own only Off-spring had supply'd
And Peopled Kingdoms.
But now so brittle's the Estate of Man,
That in comparison his Life's a span.
Yet since the Flood it may be proved plain,
That many did a longer Life retain,
Than him I write of; for *Arpachshad* liv'd
Four hundred thirty eight, *Shelah* surviv'd
Four hundred thirty three Years, *Eber* more,
For he liv'd twice two hundred sixty four.
Two hundred Years *Terah* was alive,
And *Abr'ham* liv'd one hundred Seventy five.
Before *Job*'s troubles holy Writ relates,
His Sons and Daughters were at marriage States,
And after his restoring, 'tis most clear,
That he surviv'd one hundred forty Year.
John Buttadeus (if report be true)
Is his Name that is stil'd *The wandring* Jew,
'Tis said he saw our Saviour dye; and how
He was a Man then, and is living now;
Whereof Relations you (that will) may read;
But pardon me, 'tis no part of my Creed.
Upon a *German*'s Age 'tis written thus,
That one *Johannes de Temporibus*
Was Armour-bearer to brave *Charlemaign*,
And that unto the age he did attain
Of Years three hundred sixty one, and then,
Old *John of Times* return'd to Earth again.
And noble *Nestor*, at the siege of *Troy*,
Had liv'd three hundred Years both Man and Boy.
Sir *Walter Rawleigh* (a most learned Knight)
Doth of an *Irish* Countess, *Desmond*, write,
Of seven score Years of Age, he with her spake:
The Lord St. *Albans* doth more mention make

That she was married in fourth *Edward's* Reign,
Thrice shed her Teeth, which three times came again.
The *High land Scot*, and the *Wild-Irish* are
Long liv'd with Labour hard, and temperate Fare.
Amongst the Barbarous *Indians* some live strong
And lusty, near two hundred Winters long:
So as I said before, my Verse now says
By wronging Nature Men cut off their Days.
Therefore (as times are) He I now write on,
The age of all in *Britain* hath out-gone;
All those that were alive when he had Birth,
Are turn'd again unto their Mother Earth,
If any of them live, and do reply,
I will be sorry, and confess I lye.
For had he been a *Merchant* then perhaps,
Storms, Thunder-claps, or fear of After-claps,
Sands, Rocks, or roving Pirates, Gusts and Storms
Had made him (long e'er this) the Food of Worms;
Had he a *Mercer* or a *Silk-man* been,
And trusted much in hope great gain to win,
And late and early striv'd to get or have,
His Grey Head long e'er now had been i'th Grave.
Or had he been a *Judge* or *Magistrate*,
Or of great Counsel in Affairs of State
Then Days important Business and Nights Cares,
Had long e'er this, Intern'd his hoary Hairs;
But as I writ before, no cares oppress him,
Nor ever did Affairs of State molest him.
Some may object, that they will not believe
His Age to be so much, for none can give
Account thereof, Time being past so far,
And at his Birth there was no Register.
The Register was ninty seven Years since
Giv'n by th'eighth *Henry* (that Illustrious Prince)
Th'year fifteen hundred forty wanting twain,
And in the thirtieth Year of that King's Reign;
So old *Parr* now was almost an old Man,
Ne'er sixty e'er the Register began.

I have

I have writ as much as Reason can require,
How Times did pass, how Leases did expire;
And Gentlemen o'th County did relate
T'our gravious King by their Certificate
His Age, and how Time with gray Hairs hath crown'd him;
And so I leave him older than I found him.

A POSTSCRIPT.

THE changes of Manners, the variations of Customs, the mutability of Times, the shiftings of Fashions, the alterations of Religions, the diversities of Sexes, and the intermixture of Accidents which hath hapned since the birth of this old *Tho. Parr*, in this Kingdom, altho' all of them are not to be held worthy of mentioning, yet many are worthy to be had in Memory.

In the sixth Year of his Age, and in the second Year of the reign of K. *Henry* VII. one *Lambert Simnel*, the Son of a Baker claim'd the Crown, and was crowned K. of *Ireland*, and proclaimed K. of *England*, in the City of *Dublin*. This paltry fellow did put the King to much cost and trouble, for he landed with an Army at *Fowdrey* in *Lancashire*, and at a place call'd *Stoke*, the King met him, and after a sharp and short Battel, overcame and took him, and pardoning him his life, gave him a Turn-broaches place in the Kitchin afterwards, made him one of his Faulconers, *A.* 1487.

In the tenth Year of his age, and the eigth of *Henry* VII. another Youngster, whose name was *Perkin Warbeck*, (as some write, a Tinkers Son in *Tournay*) some say his Father was a Jew; notwithstanding, he likewise put the King to much charge and trouble, for he was assisted with Soldiers from *Scotland* and *France*, besides many joined with him in *England*, till at the last the King took him, and on his true Confession pardon'd him; he falling again to his old Practice was executed at *Tyburn*, 1499.

The same Year also, a Shoemaker's Son, dwelling in *Bishop's-gate-street*, likewise claimed the Crown, under the name of *Edward*, Earl of *Warwick*, the Son of *George* Duke of *Clarence*, Brother to King *Edward* IV. but this young Shoemaker ended his claim in a Halter, at St. *Thomas a Waterings*, which was a warning for him not to surpass, *Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam*,

Another

Another Counterfeit, the Son of a Miller, claim'd the Crown in the 2d Year of Q. *Mary's* reign, saying that he was K. *Edward* VI. but the 10th of *May* 1552, those royal Opinions were whip'd out of him for a while, till he fell to his old Claim again, and purchas'd a hanging the 13th of *March* following. So much for Impostures and Counterfeits.

For Religion, he hath known the Times of divers Sects and Changes, as the *Romish* Catholick Religion from his Birth, till the 24th Year of King *Henry* VIII the time of 50 Years; and then the 26 of his reign, the King's Understanding being illuminated from above, he cast the Pope's Authority out of this Kingdom, 1534, and restored the ancient Primitive Religion, which continued under the Title of *Protestants* till the end of his Son K. *Edward* VI's reign, which was near about 20 Years, then was a bloody Alteration, or return to Papistry, for more than five Years, all the reign of Q. *Mary*; since whose Death the Protestant Religion again was happily restored, continued and maintained by the Defenders of the True, Ancient, Catholick and Apostolick Faith these 66 Years and more, under the blessed Governments of Q. *Elizabeth*, K. *James*, and K. *Charles*. All which time *Thomas Parr* hath not been troubled in mind for either the building or throwing down of Abbies and Religious Houses; nor did he ever murmur at the manner of Prayers, let them be Latin or *English*; he held it safest to be of the Religion of the King or Queen that was in being, for he knew that he came raw into the World, and accounted it no point of Wisdom to be broiling out of it: his Name was never questioned for affirming or denying the King's Supremacy; he hath known the time when Men were so mad as to kneel down and pray before a Block, a a Stock, a Stone, a Picture, or a Relick of a he or she Saint departed; and he liv'd in a time when mad Men would not bow their Knee at the Name of *Jesus*; that are more afraid to see a white Surplice than to wear a white Sheet; that despise the Cross (in any thing but Money) that hold Latin to be the Language of the Beast, and hate it deadly because the Pope speaks it; that would patch up a Religion with untemper'd Morter, out of their own Brains, not grounded upon the true Corner-stone; who are furnish'd with a lazy idle *Faith*; that hold good Works as a main point of Popery; that hold their Religion truest, because it is contrary to all Order and Discipline, both of Church and Commonwealth: These are sprung up since old *Tom Parr* was born.

But he hath out-liv'd many Sectaries and Heretieks; for in the 32 Year of the Reign of K. *Henry* VIII. 1540. the third of *May*, three Anabap-

abaptiſts were burnt in the High-way between *Southwark* and *Newington*. In the fourth Year of King *Edward* VI. one *George* of *Paris*, a *Dutch*-man, was burn'd in *Smithfield*, for being an *Arian* Heretick, 1551. 1583, one *John Lewis* denied the Godhead of Chriſt, was burnt at *Norwich* in the 26 Year of *Elizabeth*. Not long before that, there was one *Jone Butcher*, alias *Jone* of *Kent*, burnt for the like.

In the third Year of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign, one *William Geffery* affirmed one *John Moore* to be Chriſt, but they were both whip'd out of that preſumptuous Opinion, 1561.

In the ſeventeenth of Queen *Elizabeth*, the Sect of the Family of Love began 1575. but it took no deep Root.

In the twenty firſt of Q. *Elizabeth*, one *Matthew Hamont* was burn'd at *Norwich* for denying Chriſt to be our Saviour.

In the thirty third of Q. *Elizabeth*, one *William Hacket* was hang'd for profeſſing himſelf to be Chriſt, 1591.

In the ninth Year of K. *James*, the eleventh of *April*, 1611, one *Edward Wightman* was burn'd at *Litchfield* for *Arianiſm*.

So much have I written concerning Sects and Hereſies which have been in this Kingdom in his time, now I treat of ſome other Paſſages.

He hath out-liv'd ſix great Plagues. He was born long before we had much uſe of Printing; for it was brought into this Kingdom 1472, and it was long after e'er it was in uſe.

He was above eighty before any Guns were made in *England*, 1535.

The Vintners ſold no Sacks, Muſcadels, Malmſey, Baſtards, Allegants, nor any other Wines but White and Claret, till the 33d Year of King *Henry* VIII, 1543. and then was old *Parr* ſixty Years of Age: all thoſe ſweet Wines were ſold till that time at the Apothecaries for no other uſe but for Medicines.

There was no Starch uſed in *England*, a *Flanders* Woman, one Mrs. *Dinghen Vanden Plaſſe* brought in the uſe of Starch, 1564. and then was this Man near eighty Years old.

There were no Bands worn till King *Henry* VIII. time, for he was the firſt King that ever wore a Band in *England*, 1513.

Womens Maſques, Buſks, Muffs, Fans, Periwigs and Bodkins, were invented by *Italian* Courtezans, and tranſported through *France* into *England*, in the ninth of Queen *Elizabeth*.

Tobacco was firſt brought into *England* by Sir *John Hawkins*, 1565, but it was firſt brought into uſe by Sir *Walter Rawleigh* many Years after.

He was eighty one Years old before there was any Coach in *England*; for the firſt that ever was ſeen here, was brought out of the *Netherlands*, by one *William Boonen*, a *Dutch*-man, who gave a Coach to Queen *Elizabeth* (for ſhe had been ſeven Years a Queen before ſhe had any Coach) ſince when, they have encreaſed, with a miſchief, and ruin'd all the beſt Houſekeeping, to the undoing of the Watermen, by the multitudes of Hackny or hired Coaches; but they never ſwarm'd ſo thick to peſter the Streets.

Streets as they do now, till the Year 1605, and then was the Gun-powder Treason, and at that time did the Coaches hatch and breed.

He hath out-liv'd the Fashion at least forty times over and over.

He hath known many Changes of Scarcity (or Dearth) and Plenty; but I will speak only of the Plenty.

In the Year 1499, the fifteenth of *Henry* VII. Wheat was sold for 4 *s.* the Quarter, or 6 *d.* the Bushel, and Bay Salt at 4 *d.* and Wine at 40 *s.* the Tun (which is about three Farthings the Quart.)

In the first of Q. *Mary*, Beer was sold for 16 *d.* the Barrel, the Cask and all) and three great Loaves for one Penny.

In the Year 1557, the fifth of Queen *Mary*, the Penny Wheaten Loaf was in weight 56 Ounces, and in many places People would change a Bushel of Corn for a Pound of Candles.

So much shall suffice for the declaring of some Changes and Alterations that have hapned in his time.

Now for a memorial of his Name, I'll give a little touch. I will not search for the Antiquity of the Name of *Parr*, but I find it to be an honourable Name. In the twelfth Year of K. *Edward* IV. the King sent Sir *William Parr*, Kt. to seize upon the Archbishop of *York*'s Goods, at a place called the *More*, in *Hartfordshire*, 1472. this Sir *William Parr* was Knight of the Right honourable Order of the Garter.

In the twenty second of *Edward* IV. the same Sir *William Parr* went with an Army towards *Scotland*, with *Richard* Duke of *Gloucester*.

In the Year 1543, the thirty fifth Year of K. *Henry* VIII. *July* 22. the the King was married to Lady *Catherine Parr*, and *Decemb* 24 following, the Queen's Brother, *William* Lord *Parr*, was created Earl of *Essex*, and Sir *William Parr* their Uncle was made Lord *Parr* of *Horton*, and Chamberlain to the Queen; and the first of King *Edward* VI. *William Parr*, Earl of *Essex* was created Marquis of *Northampton*; and in the fourth Year of K. *Edward*'s reign 1550, the said Marquis was made Lord great Chamberlain of *England*, and on the last of *April* 1552. he (amongst other Lords) Mustred 100 brave well appointed Horsemen of his own charge before K. *Edward* in the Park at *Greenwich* (his Cognisance or Crest being the *Maidenhead*) in the first of Q. *Mary* he took part with the Lady *Jane* against the Queen, for which he was taken and committed to the *Tower*, *July* 26. and contrary to expectation released again, shortly after, *March* 24.

Also the first of Q. *Elizabeth*, *William Parr*, Marquess of *Northampton* sate in *Westminster*-hall Lord high Steward, upon a Tryal of *William* Lord *Wentworth* (who had been late Lord Depury of *Calais*;) which noble Lord *Wentworth* came off most honourably acquitted, *April* 22.

After the Death of K. *Henry* VIII. Q. *Catherine Parr*, was married to Sir *Thomas Seimer*, Lord high Admiral, and she dyed the 2d of *Sept.* 1548.

And thus I lay down the Pen, leaving it to whomsoever can, or will make more of this *old Man* than I have done.